

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 20, 1856.

After the recent departure of the French troops from the military camp near Bologna, any number of dogs and cats were left behind, and fell victims to the law's dread decrees. But the butchery of rats was terrible. The people of the neighborhood, fearing to be eaten out of barns and houses by the devouring race, united in one horde, turned out en masse, and a regular battle of the rats took place. It ended in the death of four thousand of them—that many rat-tails being tied in bunches and counted.

A REVOLUTION CALLED FOR.—One Ambrose A. Beckett (such a logician and hero should have an American notoriety, and we give his name) writes to the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian, arguing that, having once lived in the country, he has observed that cows if not milked each day appear to suffer in consequence, and that, if it be right to milk cows on Sunday, then to sell milk on Sunday is a "work of necessity and mercy." But this is not all. Mr. Beckett not only reasons, he proposes to act also. He is indignant against the adulteration of the food "for babes"—attributing to that iniquity "the weak frames and delicate constitutions of so many of our population;" and he sounds the alarm thus—"Rise then, fellow-sufferers, and strike the death-blow to this fearful evil. Let the cry be, 'milk, milk, milk, but genuine let it be.'" If that cry is heeded, and the proposed rebellion begins, where will it stop?

But Shakespeare always leans on the force of fate, as it urges the final evil; and dwells with infinite bitterness on the power of the wicked and the futility of result dependent seemingly on little things. A fool brings the last piece of news from Verona, and the dearest lives of its noble houses are lost; they might have been saved if the sacristan had not stumbled as he walked. Othello mislays his handkerchief, and there remains nothing for him but death. Hamlet gets hold of the wrong foil and the rest is silence. Edmond's runner is a moment too late at the prison, and the feather will not move at Cordelia's lips. Salisbury a moment too late at the tower, and Arthur lies on the stones dead. Goneril and Iago have on the whole in this world, Shakespeare sees, much of their own way, though they come to a bad end. It is a pin that death pierces the king's fortress walls with; and careless and folly-st, scattered and dreadful, side by side with the pin-armed skeleton. —*Ruskin.*

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